

### Cures Woman's Weaknesses.

We refer to that boon to weak, nervous, suffering women known as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

Dr. John F. Pierce, of the Editorial Staff of THE ECLECTIC MEDICAL REVIEW says of Unicorn root (Helonia Dioica) which is one of the chief ingredients of the "Favorite Prescription":

"A remedy which invariably acts as a stimulant to the entire reproductive system. He continues: 'In Helonia we have a medicinal plant which more fully answers the above purposes than any other drug with which I am acquainted. In the treatment of diseases peculiar to women it is seldom that a case is seen which does not present some indication for its remedial agent.' Dr. F. J. Farber says: 'The following are among the leading indications for Helonia (Unicorn root). Pain or itching in the back, with leucorrhoea; atonic (weak) condition of the reproductive organs of women; mental depression and irritability, associated with chronic diseases of the reproductive system; constant nervousness; nervousness; flooding, due to a weakened condition of the reproductive system; amenorrhoea; irregular menstruation; general debility; and all the symptoms of the above nature which are not relieved by any other medicine.'"

Of Golden Seal root, another prominent ingredient of "Favorite Prescription," Prof. Finley Ellingwood, M. D., of Bennett Medical College, Chicago, says:

"It is an important remedy in disorders of the womb. In all catarrhal conditions of the uterus, it is of great value."

Prof. John M. Scudder, M. D., late of Cincinnati, says of Golden Seal root:

"In relation to its general effects on the system, there is no medicine in use about which there is such general unanimity of opinion. It is universally regarded as the most useful in all debilitated states."

Prof. R. Bartholow, M. D., of Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, says:

"Valuable in uterine hemorrhage, menorrhagia (flooding) and congestive dysmenorrhoea (painful periods)."

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription faithfully represents all the above named ingredients and cures the diseases for which they are recommended.

### THE BEST COUGH CURE

Cough syrups are all cheap enough, but if you should get a gallon of cough syrup that does not cure for the price of a small bottle of

### Kemp's Balsam

the best cough cure, you would have made a bad bargain—for one small bottle of Kemp's Balsam may save the worst cough and save your life, whereas the common "cure" that does not cure is worse than useless.

Sold by all dealers at 25c. and 50c.

### A Few Years Hence.

The first battle in airships had been fought.

"I hear," said one officer, "that the general was in the very thick of the fight."

"Yes," responded another officer; "he had sixteen gasbags punctured over him."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

### WORST CASE OF ECZEMA.

Spread Rapidly Over Body—Limbs and Arms Had to Be Bandaged—Marvelous Cure by Cuticura.

"My son, who is now twenty-two years of age, when he was four months old began to have eczema on his face, spreading quite rapidly until he was nearly covered. We had all the doctors around us, and some from larger places, but no one helped him a particle. The eczema was something terrible, and the doctors said it was the worst case they ever saw. At times his whole body and face were covered, all but his feet. I had to bandage his limbs and arms; his scalp was just dreadful. A friend teased me to try Cuticura, and I began to use all three of the Cuticura Remedies. He was better in two months; and in six months he was well. Mrs. R. L. Risley, Piermont, N. H., Oct. 24, 1905."

### Political Telegraphy.

Sharpshooters—I'm tired to death of these party lines.

### Victims-Looking Creatures.

Some women interested in charities recently visited a home for discharged female prisoners. They were shown to a room where two women were sewing. "Dear me!" one of the visitors whispered, "what victims-looking creatures! Pray, who are they?" "This is the sitting room," blandly answered the superintendent, "and these are my wife and daughter."

### THEY CURE RHEUMATISM

A Particularly Painful Form of This Disease Yields to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Of the many forms which rheumatism takes, that which is popularly known as sciatic rheumatism probably tortures its victim more than any other. That Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have cured this stubborn as well as painful trouble is a fact proven by the following statement, and no sufferer who reads this can afford to let prejudice stand in the way of trying these blood-making pills.

Rheumatism is now generally recognized as a disease of the blood. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make—actually make—pure blood. When the blood is pure there can be no rheumatism. Mrs. Thomas Breachan, of 54 Mill street, Watertown, N. Y., says:

"My trouble began with a severe cold which I took about a week before Christmas in 1904. I began to have rheumatic pains in my back and limbs and after a time I couldn't straighten up. I suffered the most awful pain for months and much of the time was unable to leave the house and I had to take hold of a chair in order to walk and sometimes I could not stand up at all."

"The disease was pronounced sciatic rheumatism and, although I had a good physician and took his medicine faithfully, I did not get any better. After some six weeks of this terrible pain and suffering I tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and that is the medicine that cured me. After a few boxes the pain was less intense and I could see decided improvement. I continued to take the pills until I was entirely cured and I have never had any return of the trouble."

All druggists sell Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, or the remedy will be mailed postpaid, on receipt of price, 50 cents per box, six boxes for \$2.50, by the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

## Prisoners and Captives

By H. S. MERRIMAN.

### CHAPTER XXVII.

Three years are an important period, but in the middle of October their weight is less perceptible. They seemed to have passed very lightly over the small phase of existence working itself out unheeded by the world in the drawing room where we last saw Agnes Winter, and where we now find her again.

The room was unchanged, and the Agnes Winter dwelling therein was the same woman. The same strong, finished grace attended her movements, but her eyes lacked repose. They were the eyes of one who has waited and waited in vain. None need search very far afield to find such eyes as now looked up nervously toward the door at the sound of the large, old-fashioned bell pealing in the basement.

"Who is that?" said Agnes Winter to herself. "Who can that be?"

She rose and set one or two things in order about the room, and after glancing at the clock, stood motionless with her tired eyes fixed on the door, listening intently. While she stood there the door was opened, and the maid announced:

"Mr. Easton."

Matthew Mark Easton came into the room immediately afterward. He shook hands rather awkwardly, as one sees a man go through the ceremony whose fingers are injured.

"How do you do, Miss Winter?" he said, gravely.

"Well," she said in a sharp, unsteady voice, ignoring his question, "what news have you?"

"I have no news of the ship, Miss Winter," he replied.

"Tell me," she said, "what you have done."

"I have," he said, "explored every yard of the coast from the North Cape to the Yana river."

"And why did you stop at the Yana river?" asked the lady, with an air of knowing her ground.

"When Miss Grace is with you—if she does not object to my presence."

She drew writing materials toward her and wrote as quick as ever, but his eyes did not twinkle now; they were grave, and the rapidity of their movement, being deprived of brightness, was almost futile. Then they sat waiting, until the silence became oppressive. Suddenly Easton spoke with a return of the quaint, narrative manner which she remembered as a child's delight.

"One evening," he said, "as we were steaming down the Baltic last week—a dull warm evening, Tuesday, I guess—I was standing at the stern rail with my arms beneath my chin, when something fell upon my sleeve. I looked at it curiously, for I had not seen such a thing for years. It was a coat—most singular! I feel like crying now, Miss Winter; I should like to sit down on that low chair in the corner there and—cry. There are some disappointments that come like the disappointments of childhood—when it rained on one's birthday and put a stop to the picnic."

Miss Winter said nothing. She merely sat in her gracious, attentive attitude and looked at him with sympathetic eyes.

"It shows," he continued, presently, "how entirely one may be mistaken in one's own destiny. I never should have considered myself to be the sort of person into whose life a catastrophe was intended to break."

She smiled a little wearily. "No one will ever suspect," she said, "for even now that you have told me the story I can scarcely realize that it is true. It sounds like some tale of by-gone days; and yet we have a living proof that it is all true that it has happened."

"Of course you knew. And did you know about him?"

He did not reply at once, but glanced at her keenly.

"I knew that he loved her," was the answer.

"Are you going to stay in England?" she asked.

"No," and he offered her his hand; "I am going back to America for some years, at all events."

"When you come back to England," she said, in rather a faint voice, "will you come and see me?"

"Do you mean that, Miss Winter?"

"Yes." His quick, dancing glance was flitting over her whole person.

"If I come," he said, with a sudden relapse into Americanism, "I surmise it will be to tell you something else—something I thought I never should tell you."

She stood quite still, a dignified, self-possessed woman, but never raised her eyes.

"Do you still mean it?"

She gave a little nod. The door handle rattled in his grasp, as if his hand were unsteady.

"I thought," he said slowly, "that it was Owen Grace."

"Never?" he inquired, sharply.

"Then I stay." And he closed the door again. (The end.)

Buttons Behind. "Yes," admitted the Human Snake as she put on her company gown after the performance, "I do have some advantages over my nonprofessional sisters."

Thereupon she bent double, tied herself into a knot and buttoned her bodice with easy grace.—Philadelphia Ledger.

"Of course," said Miss Winter. "Of course," echoed Helen.

He went on at once, as if anxious to show his perfect reliance in their discretion.

"This expedition," he said, "was not dispatched to discover the northeast passage. It had quite another purpose. There is a political side to the question. At present the history of this generation is not yet dry—it is like a freshly written page, and one cannot yet determine what will stand out upon it when all the writing is equally developed. But there is a huge blot, which will come out very blackly in the hereafter. When this century is history, all the world will wonder why Europe was so blind to the internal condition of its greatest, I mean Russia. I have given more than half my life to this question, and Tyars—he knew a lot about it. Together we worked out a scheme for aiding the escape of a number of the most gifted nobles—men and women—who had been exiled to Siberia, who were dragging out a miserable felon's existence at the mines for no other crime than the love of their own country. Our intention was not political; it was humane. Tyars and I clubbed together and supplied the funds. I was debarred from going—prohibited by the doctors—please never forget that. But Tyars was the best man for the purpose to be found anywhere, and his subordinate officer, Oswin Grace, was even better than Tyars in his position. A rendezvous was fixed at the mouth of the Yana river, and a date was named. Three Russians were dispatched from London to aid in the escape. They did their share. The party arrived at the spot fixed, but the ship—the Argo—never reached them. I have been there. I have seen the dead bodies of nine men—one of whom, Sergius Pavlovsk, I know—lying there. They seemed to be waiting for the great Assize, when judgment shall be given."

He stopped somewhat suddenly, with a jerk, as a man stops in the narration of something which has left an ineffaceable pain in his life. After a little pause he returned to the table and slowly folded the rugged maps. The manner in which he did so betrayed an intimate knowledge of each frayed corner; but the movements of his fingers were stiff and awkward. Helen was watching him.

"And you," she inquired gently; "you have endured great hardships?"

He folded the maps and placed them in the breast pocket of his coat.

"Yes," he answered, without meeting her eyes. "I have had a bad time of it."

They waited, but he said nothing more. That was the history of the last two years. Presently Helen Grace rose to go. She appeared singularly careless of details. Part of the news she had learned was old, the remainder was too fresh to comment upon. She kissed Miss Winter, shook hands with Matthew Mark Easton, and quickly left the room.

"I always felt," said Miss Winter musingly, "that something was being concealed from us."

"At one time I thought you knew all about it. You once warned us against the Russian minister."

She thought for some moments, recalling the incident.

"Yes," she said at length, "I remember. It was the merest accident. I suspected nothing."

"Concealment," pleaded the American, "was absolutely necessary. It made no difference to the expedition, neither added to the danger nor detracted from it. But I did not want Miss Grace and you—let me think that these two men had thrown away their lives in attempting such a futile achievement as the northeast passage. They were better men than that."

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An Easter Job. The chief of police had handed in his resignation.

"No use," he said to the mayor; "you told me to put the lid on the town and I can't do it. Anyhow, I've an easier job in sight."

"What's that?"

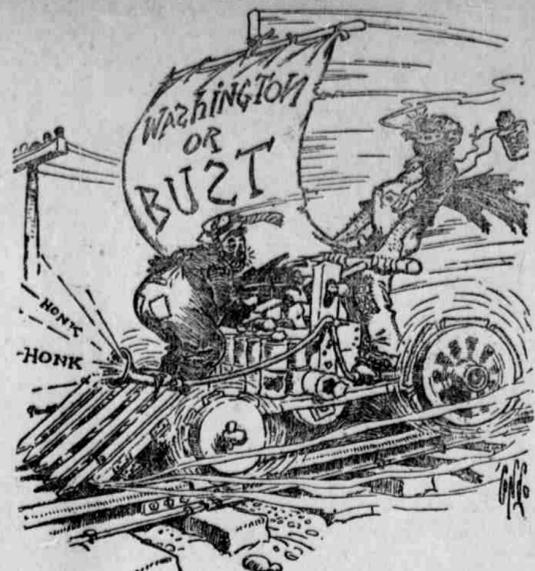
"Putting a lid on Vesuvius."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Not Imprudent. "What do you think of Belmont's paying \$125,000 for a horse?"

The one addressed pondered for a moment.

"I think," he replied, "there is a strong probability that Belmont wanted the horse."—Philadelphia Ledger.

### ON TO WASHINGTON.



"Dr. H. W. Wiley, chemist of the Department of Agriculture, proposes to inaugurate a series of experiments to determine the effects of alcohol on the human stomach."—News Item.



Mrs. Philip P. Wilcox, a slender little woman, weighing scarcely 100 pounds, is the village blacksmith of College View, Neb. She learned her somewhat unusual trade from her husband.

Having taken up the work at first for pleasure, Mrs. Wilcox found her health steadily improved with the exercise, and decided to keep the little Wilcox blacksmith shop open one summer while her husband was away working in the railroad shops. Her success was so marked that she has kept at the work ever since. Any other blacksmith in the country, though she admits this is one part of the work which is a little distasteful to her.

Mrs. Wilcox was a teacher before her marriage, and now holds a teacher's certificate. She said: "There is more money in blacksmithing. If some of those poor, overcrowded teachers would try this business once they would never go back to the school room again. I'm bringing up my girls the same way. The eldest is an expert bicycle repairer now and the younger two are also good at the business. The oldest girl has a bank account that she earned from bicycle repairing."

One day a farmer led up a mettlesome young horse to be shod. Mr. Wilcox went forward to take charge of the animal, but its owner shook his head.

"If you don't mind, Phil," he said, "I'd rather Mrs. Wilcox would do this job. The colt seems to have a weakness for her. He nearly kicked the shop down when a man tried to shoe him down in Lincoln a few weeks ago, but when Mrs. Wilcox did it before he acted like a lamb. She charms them some way. Maybe it's the way she talks to them."

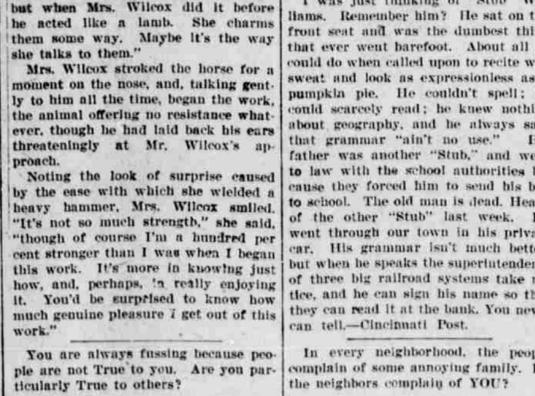
Mrs. Wilcox stroked the horse for a moment on the nose, and, talking gently to him all the time, began the work, the animal offering no resistance whatever, though he had laid back his ears threateningly at Mr. Wilcox's approach.

Noting the look of surprise caused by the ease with which she wielded a heavy hammer, Mrs. Wilcox smiled. "It's not so much strength," she said, "though of course I'm a hundred per cent stronger than I was when I began this work. It's more in knowing just how, and, perhaps, in really enjoying it. You'd be surprised to know how much genuine pleasure I get out of this work."

You are always fussing because people are not true to you. Are you particularly true to others?

In every neighborhood, the people complain of some annoying family. Do the neighbors complain of YOU?

"WHEN THE LEAVES BEGIN TO FALL!"



THE CANADIAN WEST IS THE BEST WEST

The testimony of tens of thousands during the past year is that the Canadian West is the best West in the world. It is the best in value, and still the Canadian Government offers 100 acres free to every bona fide settler.

Some of the Advantages

The phenomenal increase in railway mileage, main lines and branches—has put almost every portion of the country within easy reach of ocean, schools, churches, and every modern convenience.

THE NINETY MILLION BUSHEL WHEAT CROP of this year means \$60,000,000 to the farmers of Western Canada, apart from the results of other grains and cattle.

For advice and information address the Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or the nearest Canadian Agent.

W. D. Scott, Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or E. T. Holmes, 325 Jackson St., St. Paul, Minn., and J. M. MacLachlan, Box 110, Watertown, S. Dakota. Authorized Government Agents.

Remember when you see this advertisement, write a letter.

—St. Louis Republic.

## FROM GIRLHOOD TO WOMANHOOD

Mothers Should Watch the Development of Their Daughters—Interesting Experiences of Misses Borman and Mills.



Every mother possesses information which is of vital interest to her young daughter.

Too often this is never imparted or is withheld until serious harm has resulted to the growing girl through her ignorance of nature's mysterious and wonderful laws and penalties.

Girls' over-sensitiveness and modesty often puzzle their mothers and baffle physicians, as they so often withhold their confidence from their mothers and conceal the symptoms which ought to be told to their physician at this critical period.

When a girl's thoughts become sluggish, with headache, dizziness or a disposition to sleep, pains in back or lower limbs, eyes dim, desire for solitude; when she is a mystery to herself and friends, her mother should come to her aid, and remember that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will at this time prepare the system for the coming change, and start this trying period in a young girl's life without pain or irregularities.

Hundreds of letters from young girls and from mothers, expressing their gratitude for what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has accomplished for them, have been received by the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., at Lynn, Mass.

Miss Mills has written the two following letters to Mrs. Pinkham, which will be read with interest:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham— (First Letter.) "I am but fifteen years of age, and pressed, have dizzy spells, chills, headache and back-

ache, and as I have heard that you can give helpful advice follows in my condition, I am writing you."—Myrtle Mills, Oquawka, Ill.

Dear Mrs. Pinkham— (Second Letter.) "It is with the feeling of utmost gratitude that I write to you to tell you what your valuable medicine has done for me. When I wrote you in regard to my condition I had consulted several doctors, but they failed to understand my case and did not receive any benefit from their treatment. I followed your advice, and took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and am now healthy and well, and all the distressing symptoms which I had at that time have disappeared."—Myrtle Mills, Oquawka, Ill.

Miss Matilda Borman writes Mrs. Pinkham as follows:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham: "Before taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound my periods were irregular and painful, and I always had such dreadful headaches."

"But since taking the Compound my headaches have entirely left me, my periods are regular, and I am getting strong and well. I am telling all my girl friends what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me."—Matilda Borman, Farmington, Iowa.

If you know of any young girl who is sick and needs motherly advice, ask her to address Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., and tell her every detail of her symptoms, and to keep nothing back. She will receive advice absolutely free, from a source that has no rival in the experience of woman's life, and it will, if followed, put her on the right road to a strong, healthy and happy womanhood.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound holds the record for the greatest number of cures of female ills of any medicine that the world has ever known. Why don't you try it?

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Makes Sick Women Well.

### Sale Ten Million Boxes a Year.

THE FAMILY'S FAVORITE MEDICINE

## Cascara

CANDY CATHARTIC

THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP

BEST FOR THE BOWELS

Ahead in Postoffice. The United States has more post-offices than England and France combined. There are 71,131 postoffices in the United States. France has 11,282; Germany 38,610; and England and Ireland together have 22,050.

The aggregate annual number of letters transmitted through the postoffices of the world is estimated at twenty million. About twelve and one-half million newspapers also pass through the world's postoffices.

Stands at the Head. "You're a chiropractor, are you? How do you ever expect to rise in that profession?"

"I knew a chiropractor, sir, that got to be a manicurist, and then a barber, and that's about as high up as you can get, isn't it?"

Uncle Allen. "What's the use of carrying on a mud-slinging campaign," queried Uncle Allen Sparks, "when it's ever so much easier to throw dust in the eyes of the voters?"

## RHEUMATISM AND NEURALGIA

ST. JACOBS OIL

The Proved Remedy For Over 50 Years.

Price 25c and 50c

THE CANADIAN WEST IS THE BEST WEST

Some of the Advantages

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—St. Louis Republic.

### A Positive CATARRH CURE

Ely's Cream Balm

It quickly absorbs. Gives Relief at Once.

It cleanses, soothes and protects the diseased membrane. It cures Catarrh and drives away a Cold in the Head quickly. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. Full size 50 cts., at Druggists or by mail. Trial Size 10 cts. by mail.

Ely Brothers, 66 Warren Street, New York.

### W. L. DOUGLAS'S \$3.50 & \$3.00 Shoes

BEST IN THE WORLD

W. L. Douglas's \$4 Gilt Edge line cannot be equalled at any price.

W. L. Douglas's Jobbers and Retailers in this country send for Catalog.

W. L. Douglas's \$4 Gilt Edge line cannot be equalled at any price.

If I could take you into my large factories at Brockton, Mass., and show you how carefully W. L. Douglas shoes are made, you would then understand why they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer, and are of greater value than any other make.

Which you wear, you can obtain W. L. Douglas's shoes. His name and price is stamped on the bottom, which protects you against cheap prices and inferior shoes. There is no substitute. Ask your dealer for W. L. Douglas shoes. Experience upon having them.

Fast Color Equestrian shoes; they will not wear brass. Write for Illustrated Catalog of Full Styles.

W. L. DOUGLAS, Dept. 14, Brockton, Mass.

### YOU CANNOT CURE

all inflamed, ulcerated and catarrhal conditions of the mucous membrane such as nasal catarrh, atrophic catarrh caused by feminine ills, sore throat, sore mouth or inflamed eyes, by simply dosing the stomach.

But you surely can cure these stubborn affections by local treatment with

Paxtine Toilet Antiseptic which destroys the disease germs, checks discharges, stops pain, and heals the inflammation and soreness.